

A TRUE STORY.

This is my derring, Jim, and I'm a daisy at pop-
lar. Do you remember the time when we trudged o'er
the canon together?
That time I shall never forget, and how I got tired
by a grizzly.
And how I sat up on a limb and cursed him for
hours and hours.
As the grizzly cowered to me I drew out my nickel
revolver.
And took from my pocket a nail and jammed it
right down in the barrel.
And then sent that nail through the air, and right
through the back of the grizzly.
And nailed him so tight to the limb that he
couldn't move nary a footstep.
Stranger, you may not believe it, but if you will
kindly step over.
And look toward the top of that tree you'll surely
discover that grizzly.
Just as I nailed him up with a ten penny nail from
my pistol.
The time that we trudged 'cross the lone canon to-
gether.
—Texas Slittings.

A LITTLE SHOP-GIRL.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Craxall.
"I mean to help her all I can. I've got a
beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs, and
on Friday evening I am going there to make
up all I can, so that the school children will
buy them on Saturday. I know how to make
cinnamon-apple-tarts, too, and lemon-drops,
and coconut balls."
"Grace, I do believe you've taken leave of
your senses," said Medora May. "One
would think it was disgrace enough for
Aunt Deborah to open a horrid little huck-
ster-shop, without our mixing ourselves up
in the affair."
"But Aunt Debby must live, you know,"
said Grace, who was perched kitten fashion
on the window sill, feeding the canary with
bits of sparkling white sugar. "And Cousin
Nixon couldn't keep her any longer. I sup-
pose you wouldn't be willing to have her
come and live with you?"
"I?" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I
want to proclaim to the whole town that I
have such a dilapidated old relation as that?"
"I would take her quick enough," said
Grace, "if I didn't board with Mrs. Howitt,
and share the little up stairs back room with
the two children. Just wait until I marry
some rich man," she added, with a saucy up-
lifting of her eyebrows, "and then see if I
don't furnish up a stately apartment for
Aunt Debby."
"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora, ac-
tively. "It's very likely, isn't it, that a factory-
girl like you is going to marry a rich man?"
Grace Craxall laughed merrily. All
through the day she read her cousin Medora May,
had agreed to differ on most points. Grace
seeing no other career before her, had, on the
death of her last surviving parent, cheerfully
entered a factory, while Medora taking her
station on the platform of a false gentility,
had done fine sewing and silk embroidery on
the city to support herself, putting on all the
airs of a young lady of fashion the while.
And now Aunt Deborah May, to the infinite
disgust of her aristocratically inclined niece,
had actually opened a little low-windowed
shop in a shady street just out of the main
thoroughfare.
"But what am I to do?" Aunt Deborah
had said.
"What can you do?" asked Grace.
"I don't know. Your uncle always used to
say that I was a master hand at making
bread."
"Then make it," brightly interrupted
Grace.
"Eh?" said Aunt Debby.
"There's a nice little store to let on Bay
street," went on Grace, "for ten dollars a
month."
"But I haven't got ten dollars a month,"
feebly interrupted Aunt Deborah.
"I'll lend it to you," said Grace, "out of
the wages I have saved. And there's a pretty
bedroom at the back of the shop, and you
can dry bread under it, where you can
bake your bread."
"Do you mean to open a bakery?" said
bewildered Aunt Debby.
"Not exactly that," explained Grace.
"But if the ladies around here could get real
home-made bread as you make, do you
suppose they would put up with the sour
stuff they get at the bakers' shops? And
you can easily get up a reputation on your
raisin cakes and fried cutters, and New
England pumpkin pies. Now, couldn't
you?"
The old lady brightened up a little.
"I used to be pretty good at cooking," she
said. "And if you think I could support
myself so."
"I am sure of it," cried cheerful Grace.
"And I'll go there with you this very day to
look at the place, and will engage it for
three months on trial. And I can paint you
a sign, to put up over the door: 'Home-
made Bread by Mrs. Deborah May.' And I'll
hem your curtains and arrange the shelves
in the window. I solemnly wish I was going
to be your shop-girl," she added, merrily.
"But I can help you in the evening, you
know."
Grace Craxall's prophecy proved correct.
Aunt Debby's delicious home-made bread,
whiter than powdered sugar, sweet as an-
guish, soon acquired a reputation, and the lady
could scarcely bake it fast enough. People
came half a dozen blocks by the yellow
pumpkin pies and delicious apple
tarts; children brought their hoarded pennies
to invest in sweetened vanilla cream,
and cream cakes with puffy shells and deli-
cious centers of sweetness. The little moun-
tain-drawer grew fat with coins, and Aunt De-
bby's dim eyes grew bright and hopeful
again.
And one day Mr. Herbert Valance, walk-
ing by with Medora May, stopped and
looked in.
"Isn't that your cousin Grace?" said he,
"behind the counter?"
Medora turned crimson with vexation.
"My cousin Grace," said she. "No, in-
deed!"
Mr. Valance looked up at the sign over the
door.
"The name is May," he remarked indiffer-
ently.
"Yes," said Medora, angry at herself blush-
ing so deeply; "but we are no relation."
Mr. Valance thought over the matter. He
afterward met Miss May at a party given by
a friend, where pretty Grace Craxall was
also present. He had taken rather a fancy
to the bright blue eyes and delicate blonde
beauty of the former. Valance Hall, on the
hill just out of the city, was solitary enough
now that his sisters had all married and gone
away, and perhaps a man might find a less
attractive and graceful wife than Medora
May. But he could not be mistaken, he
thought, in Grace Craxall's identity.
And so the next evening, about the same
time, he sauntered into the shop.
Grace was behind the counter, taking some
newly-baked maple caramels off the pan.
She looked up with a smile.
"Good evening, Mr. Valance," said she.
"So," he thought, "I wasn't mistaken af-
ter all. And the little blue-eyed seraph is
mortal enough to tell a lie in spite of her
angelic appearance!"
But he looked severely at Grace.
"I didn't know you were in trade," said
he.
"Didn't you? Well," retorted Grace, "I
am my Aunt Deborah's shop-girl at present.
I always come in here in the evenings to

help her, because," she added, with a sweet
shade of seriousness coming over her face,
"Aunt was old and poor, and she didn't quite
know how to maintain herself in independ-
ence, and unfortunately my wages at the fac-
tory are not enough for us both. So I advised
her to open this business, and she did, and
she is doing well; and she bakes the most
delicious bread and pies you ever ate,
so," with a saucy twinkle under her eye-
lashes, "if you know of any customers, will
you please recommend our firm?"
"To be sure I shall," she answered, in the
same spirit. "And I am very glad, Miss
Craxall, to see that you are not ashamed of
being a working girl!"
"Of course, I am not," said Grace. "Why
should I be?"
"But your cousin Medora is."
Grace gave a little shrug of her shoul-
ders.
"Very likely," said she. "Medora and I
differ in many things."
Mr. Valance bought a pound of caramels
and went away.
"She is a beauty," he said to himself.
"And she is a sensible beauty into the bar-
gain."

He must have been very well pleased with
his purchase, for the next evening, just in time
to walk home with Grace Craxall. And they
talked over Aunt Deborah's affairs, and con-
cluded, as flour was low just then, it would
be a favorable opportunity for the old lady to
lay in her winter stock.

Only a few weeks had elapsed when Medora
May was electrified to learn that her cousin
Grace was engaged.
"To some master baker or journeyman
confectioner, I suppose," she said, contemptu-
ously.
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confectioner, I suppose," she said, contemptu-
ously.

"I don't believe it," said Medora, grow-
ing red, then pale.
"But it's really so," said Grace. "And
we are to be married in three months; and
Aunt Debby is to come to the hall and live
with me, as soon as she can dispose of her
business to advantage. And dear, Medora,
I hope you will come and visit me there."

General Grant's Admirer of Horses.
WASHINGTON, April 12.—The Sunday
Capital has the following concerning Grant's
horses: "Every one who knows General
Grant is aware that he has always been an
admirer of thoroughbred horses. When he
first entered the White House as President
of the United States he owned over a hundred
head of horses, which he kept at his farm near
St. Louis. The foreman of the stables in
which these horses were kept was Albert
Hawkins, who is now coachman for Presi-
dent Cleveland. No one knows better than
Albert how devoted General Grant was to
horses, and some of his reminiscences on the
subject of General Grant and his stock may
not prove uninteresting reading at this time.
Albert has no time in reaching Washington
to tell us how and how to talk to
newspaper reporters. Just at this time it is
a difficult matter to obtain any information
at the White House, from the President
down to the stable hands. As General Grant
is justly supposed to be the thoughts of the
people of the whole world, Albert no doubt
felt that he was at liberty to join in the dis-
cussion concerning his 'old boss,' as he
terms General Grant."

"Albert says General Grant was an excel-
lent judge of horse flesh. It was a difficult
matter to deceive him in a horse trade, be-
cause he is familiar with all the points that
are considered in examining them. He
could look into a horse's mouth and tell his
exact age within a few months. He always
insisted that his horses should never be ill-
treated either in or out of the stable; they were
given the best kind of feed; furnished with
large, comfortable stalls, and regularly ex-
ercised. Any man who was known to ill-
treat or misuse one of his horses was im-
mediately dismissed. The General took a fancy
to Albert because he was always kind and
gentle in dealing with the stock under his
charge. After the General became President
he sent many of his horses to St. Louis, and
directed Albert to come on to Washington
to assume control of the Presidential stables.
Albert lost no time in reaching Washington,
and he attributes all his good fortune and
continuous employment to the fact that he
never ill-treated a dumb animal."

"The General's favorite horses were Cin-
cinnati, Egypt and Jeff Davis. The former
was a Kentucky horse, and he knew and
obeyed the General at all times and under
all circumstances. Cincinnati was a good
saddle horse, in addition to being a first class
horse in harness. The General could ride
him to any point in the city, jump off his
back and let him stand unharmed for
any length of time. No matter how long
the General remained away, when he re-
turned Cincinnati was waiting for him. He
did not pay any attention to circus parades,
and was not to be frightened by noise and
confusion. The General's horse was passed
directed him to stand and wait for him Cin-
cinnati would not budge until the General
had mounted him."

"During the General's second term in the
White House arrangements were made for an
equestrian statue representing General Grant
on Cincinnati and he was to be placed in
front of the General at all times and under
all circumstances. Cincinnati was a good
saddle horse, in addition to being a first class
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REVOLUTIONIZING TELEGRAPHY.

An Astonishing Invention that Threatens
to supersede Both the Morse System and
the Telephone.
[Philadelphia Special.]

An invention has recently been perfected
here that bids fair to revolutionize all exist-
ing systems of electrical communication, both
telegraphic and telephonic. The secret of it
has been carefully guarded by its inventors,
Messrs. George M. Hathaway and James A.
Linville, and by the small company of large
capitalists who control it while it is being
fully covered by patents, both American and
foreign. Now that all is secure, it is to be
suddenly sprung upon the public by an ex-
hibition at the Continental Hotel, probably
during the present week, one of the most
scientific surprises of the century. To state
in brief what it is, it is nothing less
than making telegraphy as simple, rapid,
and easily within the command of every-
body as the operation of the telegraph or
type-writer. Effecting what is claimed for
it, it will be the means of greatly reducing
the cost of telegraphy, of opening up the
cost of some 40,000 new telegraph stations in
railroad and express offices throughout the
United States where there have hitherto
been none, and of taking the place generally
of the telephone. Any person who can pick
out a word on the keys of a type-writer can
transmit a message by the Hathaway system
accurately and with rapidity, only restricted
by the speed of the picking, while, as for
receiving messages, the instrument does that
automatically, whether there is anybody
superintending its operations or not. There
was a private exhibition of the system to day
at the company's offices, No. 327 Walnut
street, the results attained at which seemed
an ordinary type-writer, with the letters
of the alphabet, numbers and signs, and the
most remarkable invention.

The instrument used is both a transmitter
and a receiver. The two instruments used
in this exhibition were connected by about
100 miles of wire coiled about the offices.
Each appeared in its front part to be simply
an ordinary type-writer, with the letters
numerals, etc., on raised keys. Behind this
rises a small column, with blank papers
wrapped around it and moved up and down
by a simple device. Inside that column is
a small hammer that strikes
outward, whenever a key is
touched, press the paper against the peri-
phery of a horizontal wheel that lies be-
tween the keyboard and the column. On that
periphery, in high relief, are the letters of
the alphabet, numerals and points for
punctuation. The striking of the hammer
lightning-like rapidly as the keys are suc-
cessively touched by an expert. When it
has retroceded in the alphabetical order it
lies back to a fixed point, as does the wheel
of a gold and stock indicator, but much more
swiftly. After a delicate and intricate
electrical mechanism necessary to set below
and, when understood, are much less com-
plicated than they seem, their apparent com-
plication being caused by their multiplicity.
A separate wire leads from each key to a
single solenoid, Mr. Hathaway declared that he
connected wires for either for transmis-
sion or reception of messages. The sending
or receiving of a particular letter or figure is
governed by the strength of current required
for just that individual one, and no other. It
seems very strange that all those various im-
pulses should be flashed along a wire in op-
posite directions at the same time, without
jostling each other or getting mixed up,
but they do. Many messages were sent
and received in to-day's tests by non-experts
at a speed of from forty to fifty words per
minute with perfect accuracy. The system
is usually shown by expert Morse "sound"
operators, and that speed, it was said, could
be very greatly increased. A notice-
able and valuable feature of the
system is that it prints clearly in the sight
of the person transmitting a message, just
what is being sent to the receiver, so that
errors are avoided or if committed are
readily corrected. The messages sent
over a wire by this instrument can not be
read by sound, so that it is much more fa-
vorable to the secrecy of the message than
business than either the Morse system or the
telephone. Inasmuch as the Hathaway in-
strument can be adjusted to any system of
wire communication and will work to great
distances as is required in
telegraphy, it will be of in-
estimable value to railroad and express
companies, bankers, brokers, merchants and
the general public. There are no formidable
complications in its construction, and ex-
pert electricians who have examined it pro-
nounce it one of the most wonderful
achievements of the age. Should it only do
half of what is claimed for it, and that it
shows it can do, it would practically revolu-
tionize telegraphy.

The company controlling this great inven-
tion has been organized upon a capital of
\$2,000,000, but no stock is for sale, all being
held as an investment.

Feeding and Care of Sheep.
The better sheep are cared for, the larger
the profit to the owner. The flockmaster
should understand the relative value of
grasses and the varieties of winter feed, and
possess a sort of instinctive judgment in
matters relating to sheep. Taking into ac-
count the various conditions of food, cli-
mate, and conformation of country, he will
have to select the breeds best adapted to his
requirements. Ordinary flocks may be
greatly improved by the introduction of a
pure-bred ram possessing specially desired
characteristics. Where a good market for
their wool is obtainable, the sheep
should be such as will best meet the de-
mand. The habits and instincts of sheep
should be as nearly as possible
adapted to the character of the range
they are to occupy, as the process of accli-
mating is often a very costly one. The
heavy-framed Cotswolds and the plump
Leicesters would not improve on a poor and
overworked soil, or under conditions neces-
sitating their carrying their heavy weight of
flesh and fleece up the mountain sides. The
lighter and nimbler breeds are the best
adapted to upland country, while the heavier
sorts thrive most on the rich and succulent
grasses of the plain. The original Cotswolds
were, however, natives of a somewhat hilly
district. Merinoes are poor mutton, sheep,
and are bred mostly for their fine wool.
They are thrifty and hardy, and will pick
up a living on scanty pastures. The more
active breeds of sheep will not endure close
confinement in winter without injury. It
is well to avoid, as much as possible, the driv-
ing of sheep along dusty roads. The dust
irritates the skin and causes discomfit.

Mr. Cleveland's Opinion of Petitions.
[Washington correspondence Boston Herald.]
President Cleveland is developing as a
storyteller. He has diminished the value of
petitions for office a good deal by a story
which he told an office-seeking Senator. He
said that when he was Mayor of Buffalo
there was a story told to him by the Chief
of Police. One candidate in particular
was indorsed by such a very large number of
citizens that when he saw the petition the
Mayor felt that probably he was the man
who ought to be appointed. He stated this
to the Senator, and the latter said to him
to see him, but they informed him that, in
their opinion, the appointment would not
be a good one, and should not be made. He
thereupon showed them the papers signed
by such a large number of leading citizens,
and said he did not see how he could ignore
it. They thereupon asked him to delay ac-
tion for two days, in order that they might
present a paper to him, and went away. At
the end of the time they returned, bringing

another petition signed by a long list of
Buffalo people, some of them prominent in
the city, and a number of them his friends.
It was not a petition for the place of Chief
of Police, but was addressed to the Governor
of New York, and stated that Grover Cleve-
land, Mayor of Buffalo, had been guilty of
embezzlement of the public funds, was unfit
to hold the office and ought to be removed.
It simply showed how easily respectable peo-
ple could be got to sign a petition without
reading it. Since that time Mr. Cleveland
says he has not had a high opinion of signa-
tures to petitions relative to the offices.

Planting Potatoes.

At a recent meeting of farmers living near
Bacon this subject was discussed. Mr. Hor-
sey spoke of the necessity of selecting
healthy, vigorous seed, with a prominent
eye. He had at first considered that seed
from higher latitudes was no better than
other seed, but, in experimenting, he found
that nine bushels of potatoes came from the
seed of Nova Scotia where five or six bush-
els came from lower latitude seed. The
method of keeping seed during the winter
is of importance; a seed which has lost its
sprouts has lost some of its vitality, and,
therefore, the potato should not be kept
where it would sprout early. Benjamin P.
Ware alluded first to the cutting of seed and
the statement that a week or ten days were
gained by the cutting. He advocated the
saving of labor, for labor was the leading ex-
pense. It was useless to depend on the soil
we have implements which will do the work
with very little hand labor. Most excellent
results were obtained by guano, by com-
mercial fertilizers, and also by the various mix-
tures of barn manure. Commercial fertiliz-
ers would bring a better crop for the one
year than barn manure, but they
did not serve so well to fertilize
definitely the farm. He would plow as
soon as the land would work without being
clammy; as soon as there was no stick-
iness in it. He would plow eight inches
deep for potatoes. The potatoes should be
cut a day or two before planting, as the
cutting then formed often prevents the po-
tato from rotting. Medium-sized potatoes
were preferable; they should be so cut as to
have about two eyes to a piece. He had
tried level cutting and got a good crop, but
found that some of the potatoes were burnt.
He would use a cultivator, therefore,
which would givepro-ijito a slight in-
tact against sun-burning. The speaker
thought well of using paris green with
ground pulverized plaster to protect against
rot and blight. Mixing one pound of paris
green with about forty pounds of plaster.
David Warren gave his experience in potato-
raising. People were apt, he said, to cover
too deep. He preferred stable manure to
fertilizers, when the former could be cheaply
obtained. His experience had shown little
difference in seed potatoes from Maine or
from western New York. He did not want
potatoes from Prince Edward Island. He
would plow the land and then put the
manure on the surface. He believed in hill-
potatoes. Mr. Sarsaparilla declared that he
could put paris green quicker on the plants
by putting it in a barrel of water and then
squeezing that well stirred up—take it out
in buckets and with a whisk-broom scatter on
two rows at once. Other gentlemen consid-
ered that sprinklers were better.

Save the Little Pigs.

[American Agriculturist.]
Pigs are scarce and in demand, and even if
they were not, we do not want to lose them.
If we lose a calf we can use the milk of the
cow, but a dead lamb or a dead pig is a dead
loss. When pigs come in cold weather a few
pigs are a great help, and a good deal of
the work of the farmer. If the sow is cross, the better way is not to
disturb her; but with a quiet sow, much
may be done to insure the life of the pigs.
We have in extremely cold weather used
rubber bottles of hot water with great ad-
vantage, or a small bag of hot coffee, or
cat straw, but our favorite plan is to cover
sow and little pigs with a blanket. The
details of the method will vary according to
circumstances. The principal difficulty is
to get the sow to lie down when you are
with her in the pen and to let you put the
blanket on her. Rubbing her teats with the
hand will usually induce her to lie down
and then you can put on the blanket
and keep it on until the pigs are
born and safely under the blanket sucking
the mother. We believe that the value of
the little pigs that are now lost every spring
in the United States, and which might be
saved by a little foresight, care, and the use
of a horse blanket, would more than pay the
entire subscription lists of all our agricul-
tural papers. The writer of this is a good
farmer, his pigs, numbering hundreds of
volumes, but his losses on pigs (pure bred, it
is true, and sold for breeding), before he
adopted the blanket, would buy such a
library twice over. Now we rarely lose a
pig. If a pig gets chilled, a warm
blanket or a bottle of hot water may be put
on the side of the sow under the blanket. The
heat of the mother, retained by the blanket,
will soon warm the little pigs, and they will
take hold of the teats and look as lively and
vigorous as can be desired. Of course, it is
necessary to have an eye on the sow while
the blanket is kept on. An hour or so at a
time is all that is needed. When the pigs are
warm and comfortable, and have had a good
supply of warm milk, the blanket can be re-
moved. Watch how matters progress, and
if it rains, necessary, after the sow has
had her food.

April is the best time in the year for sell-
ing broilers, although good prices are ob-
tained any time from January to June.

Nature Demands a Tonic.

When the nerves are unstrung, the head-
aches, the appetite poor or variable, the sleep disturbed,
and a general depression of vital power is ex-
perienced. Such a state of things can not long ex-
ist without a development of serious disease.
The most active and genial invigorant known is
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The absolute purity of
its ingredients and its botanical ingredients give it
a permanent claim to public confidence, and its
surprising medicinal value is admitted by medi-
cal men of distinction, by whom it is widely used
in private practice. For fever and ague—both as
a preventive and remedy—dyspepsia, liver com-
plaint, bilious remittent fever, constipation, chol-
eric complaints, flatulence and all intestinal dis-
orders, it is the remedy. It is a most effec-
tive anti-febrile specific far excellence of the malarial
distinctions of this and other countries, where disease
born of malarial fever, and as a general house-
hold remedy it is almost universally esteemed.

Jellied Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal,
wash it nicely, put in a pot with water
enough to cover it, boil it slowly for two or
three hours, then take out the bone—be
sure to pick out all the little ones—cut the
meat into small pieces, put it back in the
liquor, season to your taste with pepper, salt
and sage, let it stew away until pretty dry,
turn it in an oblong dish, or one that will
buckle well to cut in slices. A nice relish
for tea.

The State Normal School, at Millersville,
Pa., is one of the most notable institutions of
the kind in the land. J. R. Barr is a resi-
dent of Millersville, and he writes that for
months he had been suffering with pains in
the back, dizziness in the head, loss of ap-
petite, etc., and although he was not alto-
gether sick, yet he was not fit to do business,
being constantly complaining. He con-
sulted Dr. J. H. Miller's Herb Bitters, and
reports that in a short time the distressing
symptoms left him and now he is as well as
ever was.

March April May

When the weather grows warmer, that
extreme tired feeling, want of appetite,
dullness, languor, and lassitude, afflict
almost the entire human family, and scro-
fulous and other diseases caused by humors,
manifest themselves with many. It is im-
possible to throw off this debility and expel
humors from the blood without the aid of a
reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.
"I could not sleep, and would get up in
the morning with hardly life enough to get
out of bed. I had no appetite, and my
face would break out with pimples. I bought
Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon
began to sleep soundly; could get up with-
out that tired and languid feeling, and my
appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.
"I had been much troubled by general
debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla
proved just the thing needed. I derived an
immense amount of benefit. I never felt
better." H. F. MILLER, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon
began to sleep soundly; could get up with-
out that tired and languid feeling, and my
appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.
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only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

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